

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1835.

No. 59.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

BEGGARS' LODGING-HOUSES. SIR THOMAS DYOT, &c.

WE make no apology to our Readers for whisking them, like the Devil on Two Sticks, from the fairest to the squalidest scenes,—from spring-flowers and the beauties of woman-kind, to miserable allies and the wretchedest of their sex. "The blue sky bends over all." The object of the LONDON JOURNAL is to encourage a boundless consideration,—to find out whatever is lovely in things loveable, and to suggest a charitable and ameliorating thoughtfulness in behalf of things that appear hateful. Its Readers are not the people to quarrel with their fellow-creatures, because they have been less educated or fortunate than themselves.

A small book, called 'The Dens of London Exposed,' has just appeared, written by a shrewd but uneducated man, and certainly not fulfilling the expectations raised by its title; for instead of showing us a variety of these dens, it confines itself to the description of a single one, a lodging-house for beggars in St Giles's. This, however, is well done, and in the present times is to be considered a novelty; for our living writers (with rare and qualified exceptions) do not deal with these regions, as their predecessors did in the last century. Our moralists are all theorising, or else take care to confine themselves to such "respectable walks" of description, as shall in nowise put their shoe-leather in danger from the contact of a little common earth, and render them objects of stare and astonishment to drawing-rooms that are "well to do;" and our novelists are so prodigiously "genteel," and at the same time appear to think their gentility so fragile, that unlike those strange men of birth, Fielding and Smollett, they "can't come for to go for to think" of the very existence of any street or house except Belgrave or Grosvenor squares,—always excepting the admirable 'Paul Clifford' of Mr Bulwer, and occasional evidences of a like universality in the writings of Mr James, who is a gentleman in the right sense of the word, and in spite of a somewhat intolerant breeding in certain respects, has address enough (for that is half the secret) to sympathize with some of the nicest perplexities of the social condition, the most delicate not excepted.*

The author of the book before us professes (and we doubt not, with truth,) to draw his description of the Beggars' House from life. Indeed there are strong evidences, in his style, of his being acquainted with what he describes,—somewhat too strong, perhaps, for giving his book the circulation he hopes for among delicate people; for it is one thing to show a knowledge of a subject, and another to seem to take a superfluous pleasure in the knowledge; and he might have told us a great deal more, with less apparent relish. However, to be over-scrupulous, whether in writer or reader, would show an extreme of a worse kind; and accordingly with the occasional omission of a few sentences, we proceed to give one or two of his most striking extracts. The first is a sketch of this kind of establishment in general, and of the kind of board as well as lodging to be met with in it:—

"The Common Lodging House, as the reader no

* See the beautiful close of his latest and best novel (best among all good) 'The Gipsy,' where he ventures, and with perfect propriety, to make a lady the first to declare her regard for a gentleman.

[From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNELL, Little Pulteney street.]

doubt understands, is a house of accommodation for all classes—no matter what may be their appearance or character—only provided that they can procure, when required, the necessary quantity of coins. In every considerable village in the kingdom there is a lodging-place called the 'Beggars' House;' and in every town, more or less, according to its size or population. In London there are hundreds and thousands of houses of this description, from the poor tenant of a room or cellar, with its two or three shake-down beds upon the floor, to the more substantial landlord with his ten and twenty houses, and two or three hundred beds. Among these the houseless wanderer may find shelter, from a penny to three-halfpence, two-pence, threepence, fourpence, and sixpence a night, on beds of iron, wood, and straw, or on that more lofty couch a hammock; and some (that is, the penny-a-night lodger) have often no softer resting-place than the hard floor. This common lodging-house business is a thriving trade; only small capital is required; for an old house will do, no matter how the rain beats in, or the wind whistles through, in a back street or filthy lane, for the more wretched the neighbourhood, the better old beds and beds clothes of the coarsest description with a few forms, and a table or so, for the kitchen are all that is necessary for the concern. The front room, or what is usually termed the parlour, is generally fitted up into a shop, or, when this is not the case, there is always some accommodating neighbour, who has the following articles for sale:—viz. bacon, butter, cheese, bread, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, potatoes, red and salt herrings, smuggled liquors, and table-beer. Some add the savoury profession of the cook to that of the huckster, and dish up a little roast and boiled beef, mutton, pork, vegetables, &c. The whole of these, the reader may be assured, are of very moderate quality; they are retailed to the lodgers at very profitable prices, and in the smallest quantities, such as a halfpenny worth of butter, bacon, cheese, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, &c.; and, for the trifling sum of one penny, the poor epicure may gratify his palate with a taste of beef, mutton, and so on. Very little credit is given in these creditable places, and that only to those who are well known; they who have not that advantage, often are compelled to take the handkerchief off their necks, the coat, and even the very shirts off their backs, to give to the cautious housekeeper, before they can procure a night's lodging, or a morsel of food."

So much for the Beggars' House in general. Now follows a particular description of one, No. 13 — street, St Giles's. He does not mention the name of the street, perhaps Dyot, or as it is now called, (in defiance, we believe, of a legal proviso to the contrary,) George street: for it is understood that Sir Thomas Dyot, an admirable good fellow in the reign of the Stuarts, left his property in this street, for ever, expressly for the use and resort of the houseless poor, who "had not where to lay their heads," and upon the condition of its retaining his name; and how the parish authorities came to have a right to alter the name, we know not, and should like to know. It is a singular instance, we grant, of the effect of circumstance in human affairs, that a name so excellent, and worthy to be had in honouring remembrance, should become of infamous sound in connexion

with this street; and perhaps the authorities might vindicate themselves on that score, and ask whether Sir Thomas could have calculated upon such a vicissitude? But we say he could, and very likely did; for he knew of what sort of people the houseless were likely to be composed, and he was prepared, like a thorough-hearted friend, to take all chances with them, and trust to more reflecting times to do justice to him and them. Or if he did not think of all this, his instinct did; or did not care for anything but playing the kind and manly part, and letting a wise Providence do the rest. He was a right hearty good fellow, whoever he was, for we know nothing else of him,—a little wild, perhaps, in his youth, otherwise he might not have become acquainted with the wants of such people; but ever, be sure, honest to the backbone, and a right gentleman,—fit companion for the Dorsers and Drydens in their old age, not for the Charles the Seconds. Here's a libation to him in this dip of ink,—in default of a bumper of Burgundy.

But to our extract:—

"As this is the first attempt," says our author, 'that has been made to describe a Lodging House, we perhaps may be excused in being somewhat particular. The outside of this dwelling was more cleanly and decent than we had been led to expect. The window of the low front room, which was large and rather bowed, but still retained the remains of its former shop-like appearance, was modestly screened in the inside by a green curtain; and the step of the door was nicely scoured and sanded.

"On entering, we were struck with the establishment-like appearance of the room. Rows of common tin tea-pots were ranged along the dresser. As for the shelves, they literally lined the walls, well filled with plates, dishes, and tea-ware. The landlady came forward to meet us, a tall, genteel woman, with the manners of one apparently used to better society. After putting down our groat, and giving into her hand a certain garment wrapped in a handkerchief, in case of accidents, we were told that the men's kitchen was in the next house, the first door on the right hand side, in the entry. By this, we found that the threshold on which we then stood, was no less than the high quarters set apart for the barrack-master himself. Accordingly, we sallied out for No. 12; but, before going in, we took the liberty to make a survey of this 'Vagabond's Home;' and, in truth, it did well deserve that name.

"The low front room or parlour, whose fate it was now to be the Cadger's Kitchen, had certainly the same shop-like appearance as that of No. 13—but there the likeness ended. The door which led into the street, instead of having the clean, welcome, and open look of its neighbour, was fast nailed up. * * * The door-light—the window above the door—had been taken out, or, what is more likely, knocked out, and its place supplied with a wooden shutter, which was raised up during the day, to let in the light and air; and, as for the window itself, with the exception of a few panes of glass in the centre, here and there patched with brown paper, it was almost wholly made up with squares of wood—giving ocular proof that glass was of a very brittle nature in St Giles's.

"After satisfying ourselves thus far, we proceeded

to explore the interior. A narrow passage ran between the houses, and led into a tolerably large court, which, with those two, contained the number of houses already stated. At the foot of this entry stood two or three husseys. * * * Farther up the yard were some half-dozen fellows, in parti-coloured dresses (and not over particular about shoes and stockings), smoking their cutties and gambling at pitch-penny.

"We next proceeded to the kitchen—and a den-like retreat it was—dark and gloomy; from the partial light let in by the few remnants of glass, it seemed well calculated to harbour felon thoughts. The room itself seemed moderate enough in size—a good fire, and an excellent grate, containing a copper of boiling water, always kept full by a pipe conveyed to it from a cask raised on one side of the fire-place, was all that we could see that approached to anything like luxury or comfort. Beneath this cask lay a heap of coke and coal, and a coal-heaver's shovel leaned against the wall, at the service of anyone who loved a cheerful hearth. The floor and walls did not differ much in colour, the former being of a dusky hue, that knew no other purifier save the birchen broom; and the latter, a dirty red—a daub long since and clumsily made. A cuckoo-clock ticked on one side of an old cupboard, and before the window was spread a large deal table, at which sat the landlord playing at cards with a couple of ruffian-like fellows. A small table (whose old-fashioned, crooked, mahogany legs, showed that it had once been in a more honoured place; but the rough deal covering with which it had been repaired, denoted that it was now only fit for a *cadger's plate*) stood at the other end of the room behind the door. A man, in a decent but faded suit of clothes, sat on one side—his arms were stretched over the table, and his head half buried within them—he was, apparently, asleep. The white apron that was wrapped round his waist, clearly proclaimed to what class he belonged—the 'Begging Tradesmen.' A few things tied in a blue handkerchief rested on one side of his head; and a parcel of ballads, his whole stock-in-trade, lay on the other. Before the fire, warming his back, stood a short, thick-set man, humming the air of a vulgar ditty; his hands were thrust into the pockets of a velvet shooting-jacket, ornamented with large ivory buttons, such as are commonly worn by cabmen and other tap-room blackguards. His countenance was by far too dark and sinister-looking to be honest, and, as he occasionally favoured us with a few oblique and professional glances from beneath a white *castor*, half-pulled over his brow, it, instinctively as it were, reminded us of—'my lord, the prisoner at the bar.'

"On a form against the wall sat a tall and aged man, with a beard like a hermit, all fluttering in rags—the very emblem of wretchedness. He was relieving his uneasiness by giving his back, every now and then, a comfortable rub against the wall. A little on one side of this forlorn being, at the head of the table where the landlord sat, was a character that could hardly escape the notice of the most obtuse observer, a stout, active young man in the very perfect costume of a *cadger*. The upper part of his person was decorated with a piece of a garment that had once been a coat, and of which there yet remained a sleeve and a half; the rest was suspended over his shoulders in shreds. A few tatters were arranged around his nether parts, but could scarcely be said to cover his nakedness; and as for shoes, stockings, and shirt, they doubtless had been neglected, as being of no professional use. A kind of a hat (which, from a piece of the flap still remaining, showed that it had once possessed a brim) ornamented as villainous a looking head as ever sat upon a pair of shoulders—carrotty hair, that had as much *planity* as a stubble field—a low receding forehead—light grey eyes, rolling about with as much roguery in them as if each contained a thief—a broad, snubby nose—a projecting chin, with a beard of at least a month's growth—the whole forming no bad resemblance to a rough, red, wiry-haired, vicious terrier-dog, whose face had been half bitten off by hard fighting. He was the very type of a hedge ruffian,

and a most proper person to meet any one 'by moonlight alone.'

—'He look'd as if his blood

Had crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood.'

"The very sight of this model of his tribe brought vagrancy with all her train before our eyes; muggers' carts, tinkers' wives, bull-dogs, donkies, creels, kail-pots and all the trumpery of a gipsy's camp: This elegant individual, we found afterwards, answered to the very proper appellation of 'Cadger Jack.' He was leaning over the table, resting his arms on a bundle of matches, and grumbling heavily about the times. 'Cadging,' he said, 'was gone to the devil! He had been out ever since the morning, and had not yet broke his fast; but, if he lived till Monday, he would go to the lord mayor.' Here he used some emphatic language, and swore he would not stir until he got relief.

"You will get three months at the tread-mill observed a woman sitting opposite (the only one in the room, and a happy compound between the slut and the sot.)

"He d—d the tread-mill, declared he had played at up and down before now—and would go—they were compelled to give him something—the law did not suffer any man to starve, and so on.

"He was rattling on in this way, without any one paying the least attention to what he said, when a lad about fourteen, decently dressed, came in, carrying a box. He placed himself beside the window, and began to display the contents of his trunk, offering for sale several respectable articles of clothing for mere trifles.

"Go home, boy (said a man who had just come in, with his arms loaded with good things). What brought you here? do you want to be ruined? you have run away, you young rascal, and stole them things.'

"The younger, who was the very image of a spoiled child and natural vagabond, replied with all the pertness and insolence of one that had been over-indulged, 'that the things were his—he had paid for his lodgings, and nobody had anything to do with him.'

"When did he come here?" inquired (the landlord by this time had gone out.

"On Thursday," he was answered.

"It is a shame," he said, 'to take in so young a boy; he should have had a stick laid across his back, and sent home again.'

"In defence of the landlord, it was argued, that if he did not take him in, others would; and that his things were safe here, which might not be the case elsewhere. This was admitted by our moralizer to be very true.

"Howsoever," observed he, 'all I know is this—that if the young dog is not already a thief, I know that he has come to the right place to become one.'

"Ay, that he has," drawled out a half naked lusty young fellow, raising himself slowly up from the form where he had been stretched his full length, lying upon his face, the sluggard's favourite position. Hogarth, or Joe Lisle, or any other character hunter, might have taken this youth for the very Son of Idleness. There might alternately be traced in his heavy features sluggard, loon, fool, and rascal. 'Ay, that's very true,' he observed, 'it was coming to St Giles's that was the ruin of me. * * * I robbed my father, but I got clear of that; then I robbed my mother, I got turned away for that; my sisters took me in, I robbed them, and was forced to cut; at last, my aunt pitied and took care of me, I robbed her too. But I got three months for that, and—'

"Hold your tongue, you ass," exclaimed half-a-dozen voices, 'the booby's mad, and should be sent to St Luke's.'

This rebuke, coming from such persons in such a place, is affecting,—and not the less, but the more so, from its language. The stupid impudence of the boy (who, even after the rebuke, proceeded to pique himself on his shamelessness!) awoke perhaps in these half-a-dozen people, half-a-dozen despairs. They may have begun in the same manner, and knew the

madness of the feelings to which he would arrive,—perhaps thought themselves really mad,—a frightful suspicion which must often break in upon the wretchedness of crime, and which may sometimes afford the only consolation (what a consolation!) to the terrified and astonished hearts of friends and relations. How they must sometimes wish that a superhuman voice would condescend to burst out of the air, and, arresting the hand of the youthful and apparently incorrigible thief, exclaim "Stop now!—Stop now,—and begin from this moment to be a reasonable and respectable being." We know of nothing more affecting than the cases one sees in the police reports, of parents sometimes obliged to bring their own children before the magistrate, for fear of worse events by and by,—they, all knowledge and horror of the misery of the thing,—the boy or girl, all ignorance or unfeelingness;—they, all tears and sore terror,—the child, dry-eyed and smooth-faced, perhaps casting about a light eye for a sensation, or putting on a dogged face of denial, and resenting the love that would save it. Where that last feeling does not exist, there is hope; though the hope is then too apt to be deferred and drowned in the partly real, partly hypocritical tears which the same child can muster up, out of pity for itself, and its claim on the pity of others,—and the pleasure that it takes in them accordingly;—such tears, in fact, being little more than another luxury of selfishness, arising out of that fatal tendency to live in the existing moment, and not an atom beyond it, which is the main secret of these phenomena, whether the proximate cause be want of education, or bad example, or a temperament that sets all cause and speculation, and good example itself, at defiance.

We must have another paper on this subject.

CRITICISM ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

No. IV.

HAND AND ARM.—A beautiful arm is of a round and flowing outline, and gently tapering; the hand long, delicate, and well turned, with taper fingers, and a certain buoyancy and turn upwards in their very curvature and repose. I fear this is not well expressed. I mean, that when the hand is at rest, and displayed, the wrist a little bent, and the other part of it, with the fingers, stretching and dipping forwards with the various undulations of the joints, it ought, however plump and in good condition, to retain a look of promptitude and lightness. The spirit of the guitar ought to be in it; of the harp and the piano-forte, of the performance of all elegant works, even to the dairy of Eve, who "tempered dulcet creams."—See a picture in Spencer, not to be surpassed, as usual, by any Italian pencil:

"In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulness swell'd
Into her cup she serv'd with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foul impeach,
That so fair wine-press made the wine more
sweet." *Book ii, canto 12.*

It is sometimes thought that hands and arms cannot be too white. A genuine white is very beautiful, and is requisite to give them perfection; but shape and spirit are the first things in all beauty. Complexion follows. A hand and arm may be beautiful, without being excessively fair: they may also be very fair and not at all beautiful. Above all, a sickly white is not to be admired, whatever may be thought of it by the sallow Italian, who praises a white hand for being *moribidi*. I believe, however, he means nothing more than a contradiction to his yellow. He would have his mistress's complexion unspoiled by oil and macaroni at any rate. These excessive terms, as I have before noticed, are not to be taken to the letter. A sick hand has its own merits, if it be an honest one; and may excite a feeling beyond beauty. But sickness is not beauty. In the whitest skin there ought to be a look of health.* The nails a

* "Candidis tamen manibus rosei ruboris aliquid suffundatur."
Junius, Cap. ix, sect. 26.

the fingers ought to be tinged with a healthy red. When the Greeks spoke of the *rosy-fingered* Morn, it was not a mere metaphor, alluding to the ruddiness of the time of day. They referred also to the human image: the metaphor was founded in Nature, whether the goddess's office or person was to be considered. My friend George Bustle used to lament, that, in consequence of the advancement of knowledge and politeness, there was no longer any distinguishing mark of gentility but a white hand. Poor George! He had better have thought otherwise. He attempted one day to show off among us, by letting the blood be drawn out of his finger's ends; which acting upon an ill constitution, was the death of him. People who have nothing but a white hand to show for their breeding, are in a bad way. I would as soon trust the long nails of a Chinese dandy, who thinks it vulgar to be without talons. He supposes that nobody can be polite, whose hands retain a look of utility. Unreflecting Hi-Fong! not to know, that beauty, grace, and utility are fellow-workers. A sculptor might as well shut up his tools.

"The instrument of instruments, the hand,"

is not a thing to be stuck in a 'scutcheon, like a baronet's device. The most delicate need not be afraid of turning it to account, even on the score of delicacy. If it is worth anything at all, it is worth preserving; and a reasonable exercise of the various joints, muscles, and other useful pieces of machinery which Nature, whatever some may think, has really bestowed on that graceful member, serves to keep it in health and perfectness. Look at the delicate withered claw of some foolish old lady, West Indian for instance, who has never been suffered to lift a comb to her head, or carry a bundle of music across a threshold; and compare it with many accomplished hands, that have been used to fifty good offices, and that remain soft and young-looking to the last. Wherever a genuine and lasting beauty is desired, the blood must be circulated.

FIGURE, CARRIAGE, &c.—The beauty of the female figure consists in being gently serpentine. Modesty and luxuriance, fulness and buoyancy, a rising, as if to meet; a falling, as if to retire; spirit, softness, apprehensiveness, self-possession, a claim on protection, a superiority to insult, a sparkling something enshrined in gentle proportions and harmonious movement, should all be found in that charming mixture of the spiritual and material. Mind and body are not to be separated, where real beauty exists. Should there be no great intellect, there will be a sort of intellectual instinct, a grace, an address, a naturally wise amiableness. Should intellect unite with these, there is nothing upon earth so powerful, except the spirit whom it shall call master.

Beauty too often sacrifices to fashion. The spirit of fashion is not the beautiful, but the wilful; not the graceful but the fantastic; not the superior in the abstract, but the superior in the worst of all concretes, the vulgar. It is the vulgarity that can afford to shift and vary itself, opposed to the vulgarity that longs to do so, but cannot. The high point of taste and elegance is to be sought for, not in the most fashionable circles, but in the best-bred, and such as can dispense with the eternal necessity of never being the same thing. Beauty there, both moral and personal, will do all it can to resist the envy of those who would deface, in order to supercede it. The highest dressers, the highest painters, are not the loveliest women, but such as have lost their loveliness, or never had any. The others know the value of their natural appearance too well. It is these that inspire the mantua-maker or milliner with some good thought. The fantasies of fashion take it up, and spoil it. Sixty or seventy years ago it was the fashion for ladies to have long waists like a funnel. Who would suppose that this originated in a natural and even rustic taste? And yet the stomachers of that time were only caricatures of the bodice of a country beauty. Some handsome women brought the original to town; fashion proceeded to render it ugly and extravagant; and posterity laughs with derision at the ridiculous portraits of its grandmo-

thers. The poet might have addressed a beauty forced into this fashion, as he did his devoted heroine in those celebrated lines:

"No longer shall the bodice, aptly laced,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less."

Prior's *Henry and Emma*.

No: it was

"Gaunt all at once, and hideously little."

It was like a pottle of strawberries, with two oranges at the top of it. Now-a-days it is the fashion to look like an hour-glass, or a huge insect, or anything else cut in two, and bolstered out at head and feet. A fashion that gracefully shows the figure is one thing: a fashion that totally conceals it, may have its merits; but voluntarily to accept puffed shoulders in lieu of good ones, and a pinch in the ribs for a body like that of Venus de Medici, is what no woman of taste should put up with who can avoid it. They are taking her in. The levelling rogues know what they are about, and are for rendering their crook backs and unsatisfactory waists indistinguishable. If the levelling stopped here, it might be pardonable. Fair play is a jewel that one wishes to see everybody enriched by. But as fashion is naturally at variance with beauty, it is also at variance with health. The more a woman sacrifices of the one, the more she loses of the other. Thick legs are the least result of these little waists. Bad lungs, bad livers, bad complexions, deaths, melancholie, and worse than all, rickety and melancholy children, are too often the undeniable consequences of the tricks that fashion plays with the human body. By a perverse spirit of justice, the children are revenged on the parents; and help, when they grow up, to pervert those who have the advantage of them.

It is a truism to say that a waist should be neither pinched in nor shapeless, neither too sudden nor too shelving, &c., but a natural unsophisticated waist, properly bending when at rest, properly falling in when the person is in motion. But truisms are sometimes as necessary to repeat in writing, as to abide by in painting or sculpture. The worst of it is, they are not always allowed to be spoken of. For instance, there is a truism called a hip. It is surely a very modest and respectable joint, and of great use to the rising generation; a sculptor could no more omit it in a perfect figure, than he could omit a leg or an arm: and yet by some very delicate train of reasoning, known only to be double-refined, not merely the word, but the thing, was suppressed about twenty years back. The word vanished: the joint was put under the most painful restrictions: it seemed as if there was a Society for the Suppression of Hips. The fashion did not last, or there is no knowing what would have become of us. We should have been the most melancholy, hipped, unhipped generation, that ever walked without our proper dimensions. Moore's Almanac would have contained new wonders for us. Finally, we should have gone out, wasted, faded, old maided-and-bachelored ourselves away, grown

"Fine by degrees and beautifully less,"

till a *Dædalus* jury (the only survivors) brought in the verdict of the polite world,—Died for want of care in the mother. At present a writer may speak of hips, and live. Nay, the fancies of the men seem to have been so wrought upon by the recollection of those threatening times, that they have amplified into hips themselves, and even grown pigeon-breasted. Such are the melancholy consequences of violating the laws of Nature.

A true female figure, then, is falling and not too broad in the shoulders; moderate, yet inclining to fulness rather than deficiency, in the bosom; gently tapering, and without violence of any sort, in the waist; naturally curving again in the never-to-be-without-apology-alluded-to hips; and, finally, her buoyant lightness should be supported upon natural legs, not at all like a man's; and upon feet, which,

though little, ought to be able to support all the rest. Ariosto has described a foot,—

"Il breve, asciutto, e ritondetto piede."

"The short, and neat, and little rounded foot."

The shortness, however, is not to be made by dint of shoes. It must be natural. It must also be not too short. It should be short and delicate, compared with that of the other sex; but sufficient for all purposes of walking, and running, and dancing, and dispensing with tight shoes; otherwise it is neither handsome in itself, nor will give rise to graceful movements. It is better to have the sentiment of grace in a foot, than a forced or unnatural smallness. The Chinese have three ideas in their heads:—tea, the necessity of keeping off ambassadors, and the beauty of small feet. The way in which they caricature this beauty, is a warning to all dull understandings. We make our feet bad enough already by dint of squeezing. Nations with shoes have no proper feet, like those who wear sandals. But the Chinese out-pinch an Inquisitor. I have seen a model of a lady's foot of that country, in which the toes were fairly turned underneath. They looked as if they were almost jammed into and made part of the sole. In the British Museum, if I remember, there is a pair of shoes that belonged to such a foot as this, which are shown in company with another pair, the property of Queen Elizabeth. Her Majesty stood upon no ceremony in that matter, and must have stamped to some purpose.

But what are beautiful feet, if they support not, and carry about with them, other graces? What are the most harmonious proportions, if the soul of music is not within? Graceful movement, an unaffected elegance of demeanour, is to the figure what sense and sweetness are to the eyes. It is the soul looking out. It is what a poet has called the "thought of the body." The ancients, as the moderns do still in the south, admired a stately carriage in a woman: though the taste seems to have been more general in Rome than Greece. It is to be observed, that neither in Greece nor Rome had the women at any time received that truly feminine polish, which renders their manners a direct though not an unsuitable contrast to those of the other sex. It was reserved for the Goths and their chivalry to reward them with this refinement; and their northern descendants have best preserved it. The walk which the Latin poets attribute to their beauties, is still to be seen in all its stateliness at Rome. "Shall I be treated in this manner?" says Juno, complaining of her injured dignity,—"I, who walk the queen of the gods, the sister and the wife of Jove?"—Venus, meeting Æneas, allows herself to be recognized in departing:—

—"Pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera inaccessu patuit Dea."

"In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known."—Dryden.

A stately verse;—but *known* is not strong enough for *patuit*, and Virgil does not say "the queen of love," but simply the goddess—the divinity. The walk included every kind of superiority. It is the step of Homer's ladies,—

"Of Troy's proud dames whose garments sweep the ground."—Pope.

The painting has more of Rubens than Raphael and I could not help thinking, when I was in Italy, that the walk of the females had more spirit than feminine grace. They know nothing of the swimming voluptuousness with which our ladies at court used to float into the drawing-room with their hoops; or the sweet and modest sway hither and thither, a little bending, with which a young girl shall turn and wind about a garden by herself, half serious, half playful. Their demeanour is sharper and more vehement. The grace is less reserved. There is, perhaps, less consciousness of the sex in it, but it is not the most modest or touching on that account. The women in Italy sit and sprawl about the door—

* "Ego, que divum incedo regina," &c.

ways in the attitudes of men. Without being viragoes, they swing their arms as they walk. There is infinite self-possession, but no subjection of it to a sentiment. The most graceful and modest have a certain want of retirement. Their movements do not play inwards, but outwards: do not wind and retreat upon themselves, but are developed as a matter of course. If thought of, they are equally suffered to go on, with an unaffected and crowning satisfaction, conquering and to conquer. This is evidently the walk that Dante admired:—

"Soave a guisa va di un bel pavone;
Diritta sopra se, come una gru."

"Sweetly she goes, like the bright peacock; straight
Above herself, like to the lady crane."

This is not the way we conceive Imogen or Desdemona to have walked. The head is too stiffly held up; admiration is too much courted: there is a perking consciousness in it, as if the lady, like the peacock, could spread out her shawl the next minute, and stand for us to gaze at it.

The carriage of Laura, Petrarch's mistress, was gentle; but she was a Provençal, not an Italian. He counts it among the four principal charms which rendered him so enamoured. They were all identified with a sentiment. There was her carriage or walk; her sweet looks; her dullest words; and her kind, modest, and self-possessed demeanour.

"E con l'andar, e col soave sguardo,
S'accordan le dolcissime parole,
E l'atto mansueto, umile, e tardo.
Di tai quattro faville, e non già sole,
Nasce 'l gran foco di ch'io vivo ed ardo:
Che son fatto un angel notturno al sole."

Sonnet 131.

"From these four sparks it was, nor those alone,
Sprung the great fire, that makes me what I am,
A bird nocturnal, warbling to the sun."

In this sonnet is the origin of a word of Milton's, not noticed by the commentators.

"With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence.—*L'Allegro*."

"Da begli occhi un piacer sì caldo piove."

"So warm a pleasure rains from her sweet eyes."

And in another beautiful sonnet, where he describes her sparkling with more than her wonted lustre, he says,

"Non era l'andar suo cosa mortale,
Ma d'angelica forma."—Sonnet 68.

"Her going was no mortal thing; but shaped
Like to an angel's."

Now this is the difference between the walk of the ancient and modern heroine; of the beauty classical and Provençal, Italian and English. The one was like a goddess's, stately and at the top of earth; the other is like an angel's, humbler but nearer heaven.

It is the same with the voice. The southern voice is loud and uncontrolled; the women startle you, bawling and gabbling in the summer air. In the north, the female seems to bethink her of a thousand delicate restraints; her words issue forth with a sort of cordial hesitation. They have a breath and apprehensiveness in them, as if she spoke with every part of her being.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low,
An excellent thing in woman."—*Shakespeare*.

As the best things, however, are the worst when spoiled, it is not easy to describe how much better the unsophisticated bawling of the Italian is, than the affectation of a low and gentle voice in a body full of furious passions. The Italian nature is a good one, though run to excess. You can pare it down. A good system of education would as surely make it a fine thing morally, as good training renders Italian singing the finest in the world. But a furious English woman affecting sweet utterance!—"Let us take any man's horses," as Falstaff says.

It is an old remark, that the most beautiful women are not always the most fascinating. It may be

added, I fear, that they are seldom so. The reason is obvious. They are apt to rely too much on their beauty; or to give themselves too many airs. Mere beauty ever was, and ever will be, but a secondary thing, except with fools. And they admire it for as little time as anybody else; perhaps not so long. They have no fancies to adorn it with. If this secondary thing fall into disagreeable ways, it becomes but a fifth or sixth-rate thing, or nothing at all, or worse than nothing. We resent the unnatural mixture. We shrink from it, as we should from a serpent with a beauty's head. The most fascinating women, generally speaking, are those that possess the finest powers of entertainment. In a particular and attaching sense, they are those that can partake our pleasures and our pains in the liveliest and most devoted manner. Beauty is little without this. With it, she is indeed triumphant, unless affection for a congenial object has forestalled her. In that case, fascination fixed carries the day hollow against fascination able to fix. I speak only of hearts capable of being fixed as well as fascinated; nor are they so few, as it is the interest of too many to make out. A good heart, indeed, requires little to fix it, if the little be good, and devoted, and makes it the planet round which it turns.

I reckon myself a widower, though I was never wedded; and yet with all my love for a departed object, a sympathising nature would inevitably have led me to love again, had not travelling and one or two other circumstances thrown me out of the way of that particular class of my countrywomen, among whom I found the one, and always hoped to meet with the other. When I do, she may, or may not, as it happens, be beautiful; but the following charms, I undertake to say, she will and must have; and as they are haveable by others, who are not in possession of beauty, I recommend them as an admirable supply. They are far superior to the shallower perfections enumerated in this paper, and their only preservative where they exist.

Imprimis, an eye whether blue, black, or grey, that has given me the kindest looks in the world, and is in the habit of looking kindly on others.

Item, a mouth—I do not choose to say much about the mouth, but it must be able to say a good deal to me, and all sincerely. Its teeth, kept as clean as possible, must be an argument of cleanliness in general; and, finally, it must be very good-natured to servants, and to friends who come in unexpectedly to dinner.

Item, a figure, which shall preserve itself, not by neglecting any of its duties, but by good taste and exercise, and the dislike of gross living. I would have her fond of all the pleasures under the sun, except those of tattling, and the table, and ostentation.

Fourthly, a power to like a character in a book, though it is not an echo of her own.

Fifthly, a great regard for the country.

Item, a hip.

ON RECEIVING A POT OF LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

April 3, 1835.

BEAUTIFUL present!—brought by lovely hands
Whose native dower is grace and gentleness,
And on whose foreheads fair the proud impress—
The hereditary mark of Geniids, stands,—
Beautiful cluster of white trembling bells
Reposing amidst ample leaves of green,
How many a tale your modest beauty tells
Of gentle things, the pure and the serene.
How exquisite a heap of natural beauty!
What charms of shape! what ecstasy of scent!
These are the boons that make enjoyment duty—
The untold-for blessings which bring rich content.
Oh, Nature, kindest mother! who can see
Thy prodigal care, and turn, untaught, from thee?

Ruialp.

J. W. D.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

LXX.—THE APOLOGIST BELIEVED AGAINST HIS WILL.

[THIS, perhaps, should rather be called a Novel than a Romance; but the turn of the adventure is at all events rare and unexpected; and the entertainment is increased by the maliciously comic figure cut by the great melancholy Cromwell, whose propensity to the refreshment of a little occasional fun is here gratified in a manner that must have been as delightful to himself, as distracting to the poor divine. It is a regular scene in a play, transferred to the stage of life. We take it from that shrewd, amusing, and valuable book, 'Granger's Biographical History of England.']

JEREMIAH WHITE received a liberal education, and was brought up at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which house he became a Fellow. In the troublesome times of the war, Mr White's politics led him to join the prevailing powers, and in time procured him to be made preacher to the council of state, and domestic chaplain to his highness, Oliver, Lord Protector. He was a very sprightly and facetious man, despised the cant and hypocrisy of the Puritanical party of his time, and was considered one of the chief wits of the Protector's court. Possessing all the advantages of youth, and a fine person, he had the ambition to aspire to the hand of Cromwell's youngest daughter, the Lady Frances. The young lady appears by no means to have discouraged his addresses but, in so religious a court, this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of. The Protector was informed of it; and, having no inclination for such an alliance, was so much concerned, that he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict look out, promising, if he would give him any substantial proofs, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished. The spy followed his business so close, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White (as he was generally called) to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector to acquaint him that they were together. Oliver, in a rage, hastened to the chamber, and going hastily in, found Jerry on his knees, either kissing his daughter's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell, in a fury, asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frances? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, "May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentleman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was, therefore, humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." Oliver, turning to the young woman, cried, "What's the meaning of this, hussy? Why do you refuse the honour Mr White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you would treat him as such." My lady's woman, who desired nothing better, with a very low courtesy replied, "If Mr White intends me that honour, I shall not be ungrateful him." "Sayest thou so, my lass," cried Cromwell, "call Goodwyn,—this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room." Mr White had gone too far to recede from this proposal; his brother parson came, and Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector, who gave the bride 500*l.* to her portion, to the secret disappointment and indignation of the enraged dupe of his own making, but intire gratification and satisfaction of the fair Abigail, the moment they were made one flesh, who by this unexpected good fortune, obtained a husband much above her most sanguine hope or expectation.

The Restoration deprived White of all hope of preferment, if he refused to take the oaths, and offered him but faint prospects if he did; he therefore prudently chose to remain quiescent, for he was too pleasant a man to take up his abode in a prison, for preaching in a conventicle. His wit and cheerfulness gained him many friends, but he would have found himself more at home in the palace of Charles II, than in that of Oliver. He survived not only the restoration and revolution, but the union, and died in 1707, aged seventy-eight.

When the story of his marriage was mentioned before Mrs White (who survived her husband), she always simpered her assent to its truth.

THE GIPSY BOY,

BROUGHT UP IN CIVILIZED LIFE, BURSTS HIS TRAMMELS, AND WILL LIVE LIKE HIS FATHERS.

[From the 'Gipsy King,'—a manuscript with a sight of which we have been favoured by Mr Richard Howitt,—containing genuine pictures from nature, animate and inanimate.]

"Be mine my father's life, he cried,
Although I suffer pains severe,—
There is a something in my breast
That wars with this inglorious rest,—
I cannot linger here.

"And who can tell what I may be?"—
That feeling was ambition's spring:
In fancy forward far he ran,
He was a youth, he was a man,—
He was the Gipsy King.

He fled: and wandered through the land;
And worked or starved as chance befell:
He saw the various lives of men,
And often in the beggars' den
It was his lot to dwell.

His was an undirected mind—
He ever undetermined stood;
Unskilled the *fitting* to discern:
Too quick to rest, submit, or learn:
And ready was at any turn
For evil, or for good.

But want and travel sharpen wit;
And by degrees he grew in knowledge;
And as he was a lad of parts,
He soon the master was of arts
Taught in the wide world's college.

He camped with gipsies in the wolds;
And gazed in tall young gipsies' eyes:
And with much guile and little truth,
He had the ready tricks of youth
To stir their tears and sighs.

Early a father he became—
And left his children in the land:
He soon forsakes who soon deceives—
He left them as the ostrich leaves
Her eggs among the desert sand.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.
THE EMPEROR CHARLES V, HIS SON PHILIP II, AND
HIS GRANDSON DON CARLOS.

[From a curious work, a translation of which has been just published by Murray,—Von Raumer's 'History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Illustrated by Original Documents.' It is full of portraits of this kind, and of the manners of existing courts. The three likenesses here given to the reader are from the pen of Badoer, a Venetian envoy. In poor Don Carlos, who was unquestionably mad, and who afterwards underwent a tragical fate, the circumstances of which are still a matter of dispute, we see the natural result of the bad and pampered blood of despotism. There is a sort of incipient madness in the excessive self-will and incontinence of his father and grandfather.]

CHARLES V.

The Emperor Charles is of the middle size, well grown, and of dignified appearance. A broad forehead, blue eyes, expressing much intellect, aquiline nose, fair skin, the under jaw long and broad, on account of which the teeth do not shut well, and the last words of his discourses are least intelligible. His

front teeth are few and jagged; his beard short and grey. His temperament is phlegmatic, with melancholy at the bottom. The gout has often severely attacked him in the hands, feet, and shoulders; but more severely ten years since than at the time when he determined to retire to the cloister of St Justus.

In all his discourses and dealings the Emperor showed the greatest veneration for the Catholic belief. He heard mass every day; was regular at prayers and preachings, caused the Bible to be read to him, communicated four times in the year, gave great alms to the poor, and was wont, before he started on his journeys to Spain, often to hold a crucifix in his hand. In the perilous time of the Smalcaldic league, he was seen praying on his knees at midnight before a crucifix;—and another time he suggested to the Nuncio, not to release the persons of his court, without very satisfactory reasons, from the obligations imposed by the church—for instance, in the matter of fasts.

The Emperor has been always a strong man, and one who required variety and high seasoning in his food; he never kept himself within restraint, when he fell in with women, whether of the higher or lower classes.

PHILIP II.

King Philip is now thirty years old, of small stature and fine limbed. The forehead high and fair, azure eyes, tolerably large; strong eyebrows, not much parted; well-shaped nose, great mouth, with a heavy, somewhat disfiguring under lip, white and fair beard; in exterior a Fleming, but in haughty deportment a Spaniard. His temperament is melancholy and phlegmatic; he suffers from stomach pains, and side stitches, on account of which, by advice of his physicians, he goes much to the chase, as affording the best means of strengthening the body and ridding the spirit of melancholy thoughts. He hears mass regularly, and on Sundays, sermons and vespers. He gives alms regularly, or on special occasions. So, for example, last year, in Brussels, when the poor were dying in the streets of cold and hunger, he caused bread, beer, straw, and firewood to be given out to 800 persons. They say at court, he asked his confessor whether his having done this could oppress his conscience; it is certain, at least, that in such cases he had many consultations with his council.

As nature has made this king of weak body, so has she also constituted him of timorous mind. He eats sometimes too much pastry, and likes variety in his food; with women he is intemperate, and likes to go about at night in disguise. His expenses in dress, furniture, livery, &c., are not great. Out of doors he wears a mantle and cap; often, also, suits cut in the French fashion, or with large buttons, and feathers in his cap.

He shows himself rather composed than passionate, and tolerates persons and pretensions of an unusual and not very befitting description. He speaks sometimes with sharpness and wit, and loves jesting and nonsense. Yet he shows this disposition less at table where buffoons are present, than when in the privacy of his apartment he lets himself loose and is merry. He possesses a good capacity, and one equal to great affairs, but is not active enough to rule over dominions so extensive as his; yet he may be said to do quite as much as his weak body can endure. Petitions and reports, as they come in, he reads himself, receives them often into his own hand, and listens with great attention to everything that is said to him. While doing so, he commonly avoids looking the speaker in the face, but casts his eyes to the ground, or turns them towards some other quarter. He answers quickly and shortly, point by point, but, nevertheless, does not decide for himself.

DON CARLOS.

The Prince is of twelve years of age and of a weak complexion. He has a head of disproportioned bigness, black hair, and a fierce disposition. It is said of him that when, in the chase, hares or other animals are brought to him, he takes delight in seeing them roasted alive. Once when a long-tailed lizard was presented to him, he bit him in the finger, he bit off the animal's head, and for this once only, showed

courage by so doing. It is also believed that he is immoderately inclined to the female sex. If he finds himself without money, he gives away (without the knowledge of the Princess his aunt,) chairs, medals, and even his clothes, though otherwise fond of show. When he was told, after the marriage of Philip with Mary of England, that their son, if they should have one, would inherit the Netherlands, he said, this he would never consent to, but would oppose to the last; he also begged a suit of armour of the Emperor, then resident in Brussels, with which the Emperor was much pleased. He shows uncommon pride, in that he will never remain long standing in his father's presence, or take off his cap, and that he calls the Emperor father, and his father only brother. He is as passionately addicted to his own opinions, and as prone to anger as a young man can be. He amuses himself with uttering on every occasion, so many predictions (*cose augure*) that his tutor collected them in a volume, and presented them to the Emperor.

THE RIVAL UNIVERSITIES.

A BALLAD.

["WRITTEN," says a Correspondent, "by the Rev. W. Cooper, who, in 1780, was usher at the school of Houghton-le-Spring."]

ONE evening, when Bacchus prevailed o'er Apollo,
And wrangling and jangling of course were to follow,

Arose a dispute which the muse may now blab,
'Tween Jack the *Oxonian*, and Will the *Cantab*.
Derry down, &c.

Quoth Will, after filling a bumper of wine,
"Come Jack, here's a toast! 'tis a favourite of mine
Alma Mater, say I, prithee Jack fill thy glass;
Who flinches this toast, I pronounce him an ass."

Quoth Jack, "Methinks, Will, 'tis a rough declaration;
Besides, 'tis a rule in all argumentation,

A term amphibolical first to define,
Then say is it my *Alma Mater* or thine?"

"'Tis mine, without doubt," in a heat, answered Will:
"Dost thou think that to thine such a bumper
I'd fill?"

"If so then," quoth Jack, "thou must surely agree
That thine hath no right to a bumper from me."

Quoth Will, "Thy vile logic is now out of season,
And, at best, is a paltry employment of reason:
But paltry as 'tis, it is all thou well know'st,
Which *Oxford*, thy poor *Alma Mater*, can boast."

Jack's face turn'd as white as his mistress's smock;
Quoth he, "Hast thou ne'er heard the name of John
Locke?"

John Locke was of *Oxford*, and one of our College,
And to us at his death he bequeath'd all his knowledge."

"A mighty bequest (answers Will) all ideal!—
But our great Isaac Newton left us something real:
No verbal distinctions and tergiversations,
But sound mathematics and clear demonstrations.

"Leave *Oxford*, I say, with her logical fools:
Go to *Cambridge* and step into one of her schools;
Ask any young *Soph*, and he'll answer you soon,
How many calves' tails reach from thence to the moon."

"Care we for calves' tails or the moon?" answer'd Jack,
Jack,

"The road to the moon is quite out of our track;
But ours is the road to a Mitre and Lawn—
Besides, you must own, we excel you in *Brawn*."

Cried Will, "On this issue we'll put the whole matter,
Here's Dick knows both sorts, and be he arbitrator."

Dick, like a true judge, left the cause still at random,
Pronouncing, *De gustibus non disputandum*.

FINIS.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE CHARLES LAMB.

[THESE are the extracts, of which we have latterly spoken. They are from the 'Court Magazine,' and contain the most full and particular account of Mr Lamb yet given to the public. We have now made up our minds to give the whole of it in the LONDON JOURNAL, with the exception of a brief passage or two, valued by ourselves, but not of consequence to the subject. We think we owe this, both to the writer, who is no common observer, and who says everything (we are sure) in perfect good faith, and to that solidity of heart, genius, and reputation on the part of Mr Lamb, which could stand the investigations even of an enemy, if a sincere and wise one, much more those of an attached friend, however speculative, and however we may here and there differ with his conclusions. Upon one or two points we shall perhaps touch in a note;—certainly upon the very erroneous conclusions he has drawn respecting the non-appearance of some of Mr Hazlitt's friends at his funeral, and their alleged silence about him since.]

WHEN I first became acquainted with the Lambs, they lived at that little white house which stands alone, behind the New River, at the farther end of Colebrook row, on the left-hand side; the river bounding the little garden in front. It was here that George Dyer, in one of his sudden fits of abstraction, committed the alarming *mauvaise plaisanterie* of walking into the river at noon-day, to the infinite dismay of Lamb, who was bidding him good-bye at the moment he disappeared from view beneath the water! And I have sometimes wondered that Lamb did not follow the example of his friend, out of that delightful mixture of intense sympathy with the spirit of contradiction, which so often made him do precisely that which was not expected from him. I am serious in saying, that there really was a chance of this, and that those friends of Lamb who truly loved and regarded him had this among other causes of congratulation on his quitting town for Enfield. The truth is, that many who went to him at Islington, did so from mere idle curiosity, and the excitement of seeing and hearing something different from the ordinary modes of social intercourse; and that others went to seek favors or benefits at his hands; neither of these classes having the smallest sense of the qualities of mind and character which made him what they found him. By removing to Enfield he got rid of both these classes of visitors, and retained those only, between whom and himself there was a real interchange of kindness and affection.

Yet I had never reason to feel satisfied that his habits and mode of life, and the tone and temper of mind which they mutually engendered and sprang from, were improved by the change. The truth I believe to be, that a frequent communion with intellects of the lowest class of cultivation and development was indispensable to the due exercise and the healthful tone of Lamb's mind; and that in the country he could not, or at least did not, obtain this communion, and was the worse for the want of it. "Kings (the proverb says) are fond of low company." Lamb was a king in the realms of intellect; and certain it is that the meanest peasant or vassal of those realms, and even the merest outcast, was deemed by Lamb to come as fairly under the category of "good company" as the most courtly of lords, the most accomplished of ladies, or the most cultivated of literati.* Who, in fact, of all our English writers,

* It is not intended, surely, to imply by this, that Lamb was fond of the company of outcasts for its own sake, or that he ever "kept company" with any such people. He did them all justice undoubtedly, and insisted on seeing fair play to the causes of their errors and the amount of their humanity: but to judge from our author's text, it might be supposed that he really had some pet rascals among his friends, and was as fond of them as of anybody! This would occasion a grievous error.—ED.

has sympathised like Lamb with the sorrows and deprivations of the poor! Who but he has described them with other than a reluctant, deprecating hand, and a patronising pen! His little paper on 'The Children of the Poor,' is the most pathetic piece of writing in our language; and it is so only because it is written in the purest spirit of human sympathy, and the most perfect simplicity and good faith.

One of the most noble and beautiful self-sacrifices that ever was made at the shrine of human affection, was that made by Lamb when, for the greater security of his sister's health, he quitted his beloved London, and went to reside in the country—which he did not love. For why should the truth be concealed on this point? London seemed to Lamb what the country is to many people: when he was away from it his spirit seemed to shrink and retire inwards, and his body to fade and wither like a plant in an uncongenial soil; and when he returned to it he seemed to grow regenerate and become filled with a new life and being. In London the whole of what he felt to be the truly vital years of his existence had been passed; at almost every pleasant association connected with the growth, development, and exercise of his intellectual being, belonged to some metropolitan locality; every agreeable recollection of his social intercourse with his most valued friends, arose out of some London * * * * [A few words are wanting here in the copy with which we have been favoured.—ED.]

The reader may be assured that there is no exaggeration or artifice of style in this statement. It is the simple and literal fact. Before I was fully aware of this feeling of Lamb as to London, and of the associations he was accustomed to connect with it, I once or twice, on visiting and walking about with him among the pleasant scenery of Enfield and its vicinity, referred to the improvement he must find from the change, both as to health and mental condition. But I soon found my mistake, and that the subject was a sore one; and I remember it being recurred to once afterwards, when he declared, with unusual vehemence of expression, and almost with tears in his eyes, that the most squalid garret in the most confined and noisome purlieu of London would be a paradise to him, compared with the fairest of dwellings placed in the loveliest scenery of "the country." "I hate the country," he said; and I shall never forget the tone of voice and expression of countenance with which he said it, as if the feeling came from the bottom of his soul, and was working ungentle and ungenial results there, that he was himself almost alarmed at.

Yet while Lamb lived in the country he used to spend the whole of the fore part of the day in taking long walks, of eight or ten miles; but merely for the sake of walking; not in search of any specific scene of curiosity, or any external excitement. The act of walking was, in fact, congenial to the somewhat torpid and sluggish character of his temperament. It gave a healthful movement to his thoughts, which otherwise brooded, and, as it were, hovered in a sort of uneasy and restless slumberousness, over dangerous and interdicted questions, on which he knew there was no satisfaction to be gained, yet he could not escape from them.

What may have been his condition of mind when walking about in the open air alone, one can only judge of by the difference observable between him when walking with a friend and when sitting with the same friend by his own fire-side; and I have always remarked that the activity of his mind (and with his mind activity was indispensable to its health) was always greater under the former circumstances. And he evidently felt this himself, without perhaps knowing it; for he would never let you go away from his house, whatever might be the weather or the hour, without walking several miles with you on your road. And his talk was always more free and flowing on these occasions.

There was, however, another reason for these

* Many;—in spirit at least, if not in letter. Fielding, Johnson, the old Puritan divines, Hazlitt, Elliot,—nay, the writer of this Journal. But to do the poor good, it is sometimes necessary to accommodate the * * * to the auditors.—ED.

walks. In whatever direction they lay, Lamb always saw at the end of them the pleasant vision of a foaming pot of porter,—which he liked the better when quaffed

"In the worst inn's worst room."

One could not part company (perhaps with the chance of meeting again for weeks or months) without sitting down together for five minutes; and for this purpose Lamb always chose the "parlour" of some wayside public-house. And latterly his regale was always limited to a draft of ale or porter.

Will the reader pardon me if I dwell on this point longer than its seeming insignificance may appear to warrant? But in the habitual actions and feelings of a man like Charles Lamb, there is nothing insignificant, nothing that does not result from, and may not be traced to, some profound or some curious and interesting movement of his mind or heart; and the habit to which I have alluded above was traceable to a deep and beautiful moral feeling. When Lamb was quitting home with you to accompany you part of the way on your journey, you could always see that his sister had rather he stayed at home; and not seldom her last salutation to him on his leaving the room was—"Now you're not going to drink any ale, Charles?"

"No! no!" was his half impatient reply. The truth was, that his sister, in her almost over-anxious care of his bodily health, had latterly endeavoured to keep him, perhaps even too much, from the use—for to the abuse he had never been addicted—of those artificial stimuli which were to a certain extent necessary to the healthy tone of his mental condition. I have sometimes thought—though, certainly, without sufficient grounds on which to form a decided opinion either way—that in order to keep him from the chance of being ill, she kept him from the certainty of being well. I have had a pretty extensive experience (passively, at least,) in the way of intellectual Table Talk. There are a few of the most distinguished literary men and conversers of the day with whom I have not partaken in that best of all intellectual enjoyments, when duly understood and rightly conducted. And I have no recollection of any which has left such delightful impressions on my mind as that which has taken place between the first and the last glass of humble gin-and-water, after a rump-steak or a pork-chop supper, in the simple little domicile of Charles Lamb and his sister, at Enfield Chase. Nor must it be supposed that the afore-named gin-and-water played a mere mechanical or corporeal part in those delightful repasts. True, it created nothing. But it was the liquid talisman which not only opened the poor casket in which Lamb's rich thoughts were shut up, but set in motion the machinery in the absence of which they might have lain like gems in the mountain, or gold in the mine.

No really good converser, who duly appreciates the use and the virtue of that noble faculty, ever talks for the pleasure of talking, or in the absence of some external stimulus to the act. He talks well only because he thinks and feels well; and he is always fonder of listening than of talking. He talks only that he may listen,—never listens merely that he may talk. Now, Charles Lamb, who, when present, was always the centre from which flowed, and to which tended, the stream of the talk which took place, was literally tongue-tied, till some slight artificial stimulus let loose the sluggish and obdurate member; and even his profound and subtle spirit seemed to wear chains of its own forging, till the same external agency set it at liberty. Compared with what it really contained, his mind remained a sealed book even to the last, as regards the world in general. I mean, that his books, beautiful as they are, are mere spillings, as it were, or forced overflows, from the curious and exquisite treasures of his mind and heart. It was a task of almost insuperable difficulty and trouble to him to write; for he had no desire for literary distinction; no affected anxiety to make his fellow-creatures wiser or better than he found them; and no pecuniary necessities pressing him on to the labour. Nor do I believe

that he would ever have written at all, but for a sort of pressure from within himself, which, like the divine afflatus of the oracles of old, would have vent, and ease its inward agony by speech. His thoughts were like the inspirations of the true poet, which must either be expressed by visible symbols, or they drive their recipient to madness. What was "the reading public" to Charles Lamb? He did not care a pinch out of his dear sister's snuff-box whether they were supplied to repletion with the (to him) garbage on which they are accustomed to feed, or were left to starve themselves into mental health for the want of it. He knew well enough that what he had to offer would be *caviare* to them. But it was not so with regard to the little world of friends and intimates that his social and intellectual qualities had gathered about him. Not, indeed, that he cared much even about them, so far as related to any pressing desire for their admiration of his intellectual parts and acquirements. In fact, a spirit of indifference pervaded the whole of his moral being, especially during the last ten years of his life. And such a spirit, when suffered to attain a certain weight and power, is, perhaps, one of the most fatal misfortunes that can befall a highly-gifted and cultivated intellect,—especially if it be a self-cultivated one, as Lamb's for the most part was. During the buoyancy of youth, and the strength and prime of manhood, this spirit seldom gains any very mischievous ascendancy. But after a certain time of life, if present at all, it steals and grows over us like frost over still water, binding the faculties and the heart in chains, that are strong as life itself, or weak as ropes of sand, according as we possess and use the means and appliances which are everywhere about us for resisting or counteracting the spell.

Now this spell was one of which Lamb had at all times the good sense to perceive the presence, and to admit the power which it acquired by a submissive yielding to its actions. But, on the other hand, he knew that to oppose is to destroy it;—that to gaze upon its growth in motionless silence, is to aggrandise it into a monster of moral mischief and misery; whereas,

"Lift but a finger, and the giant dies."

And till his retirement from London he had the wisdom to act on this knowledge, and the means always at hand of doing so with safety and success.

But in the country it was widely different; for Lamb was not among those fortunate spirits who profess to

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything;"

On the contrary, he saw about him an infinite deal of bad; and in what was bad he saw no good, and no means of turning it to good. And the good that there is, he saw perpetually overlooked, or turned to bad, by those who should apply and administer it. In a word, Lamb was anything but an optimist, except in respect of human character. In that he could always see the good, and could overlook the bad in favour of it.

I am afraid it will be thought that I am going more deeply into this question than the desultory nature of these recollections warrants, and especially in connexion with the topic out of which it has incidentally arisen—a pot of porter! For I must not shelter myself under Lamb's example in this respect. He might be sublime over a roast pig, or pathetic over a chimney-sweeper, where others could scarcely hope to escape being false, or ridiculous, or unintelligible.

To fulfil my object in alluding to the habit I have spoken of, I must return for a moment to the point from which I have so widely digressed. I have said that Lamb's beloved sister and friend always seemed to me to be uneasy whenever he left home with any visitor, to accompany them on their way; fearing, as she did, that he might make the presence of a friend an excuse, or a pretence (to himself, I mean, for to others he never sought or made one in his life—he was the very soul of sincerity and good faith) for in-

dulging in that mild and genial stimulus which his mental temperament so indispensably required, but which the extreme delicacy of his bodily system rendered a dangerous remedy, unless most carefully and abstemiously applied. And that very sluggishness and indifference, which made the application necessary, made the patient himself the last person in the world to judge, or even to care, as to the distant consequences of the application. But, as I have said, or was about to say, Lamb's whole life was a willing sacrifice of love to the personal comfort and health of his sister; and if the sacrifice was not always submitted to with the best grace in the world, and the willing victim would sometimes seek to escape for a moment from the bonds of affection which held him, what did this prove, but that the affection was deep and pure in proportion to the struggles it overcame? What are the "sacrifices" that nine-tenths of the world ask and receive credit for making, but a forced submission to restraints in which, after a brief period, there is no restraint felt? Whereas, in Lamb's case, half the feelings and resolves of the latter part of his life were so many struggles between the demands of his brotherly love and duty, and that disposition to self-indulgence, and even selfishness in a refined and liberal sense, which were the leading tendencies of his character. And the former always conquered—at least, when the temptations of social intercourse did not come too strongly in aid of their opponents. But there were times and occasions when Lamb could not, or would not, resist the syren charms of that one extra cup which "is unblest, and its ingredient a devil." But, as before, what did this prove but the almost superhuman self-denial which was the *habit* of his life?—for, as regarded himself, personally, he was careless of the consequences that might attend any imprudence of the kind referred to. He was not a person who expected to eat his cake and have it too. The present was *his* hour; it was worth to him (humanly speaking) a world of the past and an eternity of the future.

Is it expected that I apologise for dwelling so long and so minutely on a point of these Recollections which may seem to the self-important wisdom of some, and the superfine delicacy of others, not of a nature to have been introduced at all? If so, my apology can be addressed to those only who have no claim to it; since they must not pretend to feel sufficient interest in the character of the individual I am referring to, to make these Recollections worth their perusal. But because *they* are so sensible and prudent and resolute and self-denying that they can feel no interest in the "fears of the brave and follies of the wise"—because they are so "virtuous" that "cakes and ale" are to be expunged from the accredited list of human enjoyments—it does not follow that the rest of the world may not like to see a true picture of a man of genius rather than a false one. And as to the personal friends of Charles Lamb being more fastidious about his personal reputation now he is dead than they were when he was alive, it is what I for one of them cannot understand.

And to what, after all, does the sum of my disclosure on this point amount? Why, to this; that Lamb's exquisitely constituted frame and temperament—that bodily conformation on which the tone of his genius depended—could not repair the wear and tear of its movements and operations, and maintain itself in a healthful condition, without the occasional use of those remedial means (for such they are) which were at hand for the purpose; and yet, that ninety-nine times out of a hundred, he forewent those means rather than risk the comfort of another!—That that other will be aggrieved or angry at my thus alluding to the subject, I have no fear. And for the false and overstrained delicacy of others, I have no respect. I have told, and will tell, nothing of Charles Lamb that I would have feared for himself to read:—and with that limitation only (which virtually extends to her who was his other self) I shall proceed in my task of putting down what I knew, and felt, and thought of him.

To be continued.

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, Pall Mall East.

THERE is a freshness and truth in De Wint's paintings, that places them among the finest specimens of the art; of the number he has in the present collection, we especially admire 'Crowland Abbey' (20), a fine leafy scene;—'View of Seawell' (44), a most grand rocky amphitheatre, clasping in its span a grove of trees and a few happy-looking dwelling-places, very boldly and feelingly painted. 'Water-mill at Bampton' (68), a shut-in sequestered glimpse of a little torrent, and a right primitive pathway of loose blocks of stones, winding out of sight among noble trees. 'A Village, Westmoreland' (80), a little nest of cottages, hedged in with trees; homely, rustic, and snug. Mrs Seyffarth is a very clever painter in the miniature style; which, however, she carries rather too much into her designs. The scene from 'Lalla Rookh' is pretty and cleverly painted; but there is a want of keeping in the details, and so the whole effect is confused, and, though there is ample space, the objects look crowded. The girl in (241), is very beautiful; the mother looks too young. Prout has given us many of his vivid portraits of buildings, mostly drawn from the classical and beautiful land of Italy. 'Grand Canal, Venice' (27), an old friend, whom we cannot see too often; the present picture is lively and real; but, to a degree, the parts want *bringing together*; the general effect is a little disjointed. 'Part of the Zaringi Palace, Dresden' (77), a magnificent spacious old doorway;—'At Verona' (116), a beautiful painting, of a very singular but graceful tomb. 'At Orleans' (212), a fine old gate. Gustineau's pictures this year are not his happiest; but they are always pleasing and clever; 'Part of Warwick Castle' (15), is eminently so. R. Hills has contributed several of his excellent cattle-pieces. 'Winter' (82) is a very ingenious representation of a fall of snow, with some admirable cows shedded in the foreground. 'Cattle with a distant view of Dorchester Church' (29), and 'Cattle in Salt Marshes of Lodmoor' (69), are the best among Thales Fielding's contributions; they are both very genially coloured; and he hits better than any man going the placid mildness of those ruminating individuals, looking so comfortable and contented among the hoof-stamped slopes and muddy waters of their favourite ponds. 'Sir Halbert Glendenning, the Lady of Avenel, and Roland Græme' (41), by Joseph Nash, is a clever design, and the costume and accessories are well studied; but there also lies the defect, for the study is too apparent; the lady is handsome, but years and trouble seem to have induced a peevishness in her gentle nature, if we may judge by the expression the artist has given her. We recollect no warrant for it in the text. 'South Porch of the Church at Louviers, Normandy' (138), is a very nice drawing of a fine old bit of masonry. 'Olivia and Malvolio' (172) is clever, but too vulgar. Malvolio was not a gentleman, nor a man of refinement; but lunatic vanity, such as his, is seldom the accompaniment of so very burly and lusty a condition, while its very fantasticalness and aspirations after gentility make it fastidious and *finikin*. Mr Nash's Malvolio is a downright, bullying, burly swaggerer, a man without ambition or apprehension enough to dream of love triumphs and gallant conceits. His 'Don Quixote, quarrelling with the Ecclesiastic before the Duke and Duchess' (181), in like manner is deficient in refinement; there is the madness, the anger, the ridiculous part of the knight's nature, but where is his noble feeling, his pure and disinterested dignity, his intellect, the courtesy that ever inspires him at his most enthusiastic moments? which makes him never, through all his scrapes and disasters, lose our love and respect for his untainted honour and his kindly heart? 'View on the Dort' (202), by C. Bentley, though not quite natural in the colouring, is clever and very pleasing; the effect is rich, and that dark bird flying to the shore is an *accident* very happily introduced, giving life and reality to the scene. D. Cox has many

clever drawings; 'Showery Day, Bolton, Yorkshire' (167), is the one that struck us most, for its very admirable effect of a sudden and violent shower; the rain is just come on, a heavy, hissing, splashing storm, dashing upon everything so suddenly, that with the peculiar light it looks white and powdery, like a torrent of spray. J. D. Harding's view in the 'Grand Canal, Venice,' is clever, but hard. 'A Music Party'—"the coreates of Signor Corelli were all the fashion," Spectator—(92), by J. Stephanoff, is excellent. Stephanoff should stick to these light, comic subjects, for his forte is that way; he has, in this, caught the very spirit of the sneer, and of the time in which it was written. J. F. Lewis gives us several scenes from Spain in his smart and lively style; but why does he for ever drag in that demure young lady with a black veil over her head? 'A Spanish Posada' (131) is capital; the girls looking out of window are very good. 'Spanish Capuchin Monks Preaching for the Benefit of their Convent, Seville' (292), is highly interesting: the energetic preacher, his idling companions to the right, the pious girls and careless men, are all very spiritedly painted and very amusing. Cattermole's 'Abbot' (132), is a highly-finished and effective picture of a pampered old ecclesiastic, in all the indulgence of conventual luxury. 'A Study of Armour' (52), is a very singular, grim, fantastic assemblage of contending but tenantless suits of battle harness. F. Bartholomew's 'Flowers' (318), are as good as Nature's—as fresh and intensely coloured: so are the 'Rock Melon and Grapes' (60), and 'Convolvulus' (96). 'The Loiterer' (66), is Christall's best; it is very pretty; the hands are very well painted. We mentioned some of Hunt's last week, but there are still others we have marked for notice. 'Peasant Girls' (315), amazingly real and natural: the mild and unaffected expression of the girl, and the moving eyes, and lips, and cheeks of her laughing little sister, are not to be surpassed. The old wrinkled 'Monk' (323), is a fine union of elaborate detail and breadth of effect. Of Copley Fielding's, too, we must mention a few more. (14) 'View of the Weald, Sussex;' a down scene, with passing clouds and gleams of sun, most delicately and powerfully painted. (26) 'Subject from the 137th Psalm;' a melancholy, silent river, flowing under still dark trees, reflected in its smooth waters.—(45) 'Inverary and Loch Fyne;' very sweet, but is not the body of blue in the centre almost too strong?—(49) 'Arundel Castle.—(161) 'On the Sands at Park Gate, Cheshire;' a glowing scene, the masts of the ships melting into the mist, the golden mist itself, the brown tint in the waters (which we often see in the Thames of an afternoon and think of Fielding), are most beautifully mingled in harmony. How much better and mightier is the sun in this picture for being more veiled!—(288) 'Entrance of Dover Harbour;' a small painting, delicate and beautiful as any in the room.—Again, let us say how much we have been delighted with the collection this year: we think we may venture to say, that of things which we should call positively bad there are scarcely half a dozen; of very clever paintings, almost the whole set consists; and a very large proportion are extremely beautiful. We cannot imagine a closer imitation of nature than we find in Fielding's, De Wint's, and Hunt's works; more power, nor more beauty and feeling; and there are many others right worthy to be associated with them.

History of British Fishes. By Wm. Yarrell, F.L.S. Illustrated by Woodcuts, &c. John Van Voorst. Part III.

An interesting number; the cuts as good as ever, witness the Four Toothed Spinas, and our old friend the Mackerel, of whom there is a long and amusing account. The little vignettes at pages 139 and 142 are good specimens of minute wood-cutting—delicate and careful, but spirited.

Gallery of Portraits. No. XXXVI. Charles Knight. THE present number makes us acquainted with Blake's handsome and good-humoured face, frank and bold, bentwing a sailor; engraved by Mollison very nicely,

though in parts a little misty. The face of L'Hôpital, the great French jurist, has a prevailing expression of benign regret, such as one might fancy in one who had studied the restrainable, erring, and contentious part of our nature, but was not unconscious of the good. At the end of his life there is a vignette, representing the Conciergerie, from which he liberated some Huguenot prisoners. It is well engraved. An excellent engraving, by Holl, of the upper part of the figure of Mrs Siddons, from Sir Joshua's whole length, as the Tragic Muse, completes the set.

Arboretum Britannicum, &c. By J. C. Loudon. No. V. Longman and Co.

THIS work preserves its high character; it continues to be copious,—stuffed with much information, chronological, physical, and economical,—and the engravings are still careful, and full of ocular demonstrations of the details and general effect of the plants, such as it were impossible to convey by mere written description. The work most perfectly answers its intention, as a manual for planters; amateurs in particular should not fail to be possessed of it.

SELECT ENGRAVINGS OF THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

April 30, 1833.

SIR,—In the last number of your JOURNAL you speak of the illustrations to the 'Penny Magazine,' which have been lately published in a separate form; and appear to be surprised that the cuts should yield such good impressions after so much wear and tear as you suppose they have undergone. But perhaps you are not aware of the fact, that the prints, which embellish the Magazine, are worked, not from the wooden blocks themselves, but from metal casts: both letter-press and engravings being stereotyped. Hence you will observe, that new casts (being exact fac-similes of the unworn blocks) can be readily obtained, whenever a fresh edition or reprint may be required.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
XYLOGRAPHICUS.

ANOTHER VERSION OF MR WEBBE'S EPIGRAM 'DE CRISPO.'

WHEN Crispus, pious heir to half a plum,
Heard that his father to death's door was come,
His earnest looks a filial care exprest,
And anxiously he seemed to wait the rest.
He waited long, but still no tidings came:—
"Surely my dearest father is to blame!
What not one little word?" he cried, "Oh! whence
This cruel silence and this sad suspense?
At such a moment, what but death—hist! hist!
I pray no ground of censure may exist."

M. S.

TABLE TALK.

A SCEPTICAL UNDERSTANDING AND GOOD-NATURED TEMPERAMENT, TAKING REFUGE IN TRIFLES.

Amongst the individuals with whom I was acquainted at Leipsic, one of those who have left the most distinct trace in my memory was the governor of the young Count Lindenau. His name was Behrisch. He might be classed amongst the most singular originals. At a very early hour in the morning he was always to be seen with his hair dressed and powdered, a sword by his side, and his hat under his arm. He might have passed for a Frenchman of the old school; particularly as he spoke and wrote French with great facility. He was perfectly acquainted with modern language and literature. To a great share of learning, and astonishing apathy, he added a decided talent and taste for buffooneries, which he executed practically or verbally with the greatest seriousness. He excelled as a mimic; he would imitate passengers and give an opinion of their characters from their air, appearance, gait, and deportment. He wrote a very fine

hand, and was fond of copying manuscripts, which he did with extraordinary neatness, adorning them with pretty vignettes, of which he often invented the subjects. In this manner he did me the honour to copy some of my poetical effusions. He never neglected an opportunity of expressing a comic antipathy to the art of printing.—*Life of Goethe.*

GILPIN, THE AUTHOR OF FOREST SCENERY, AND MASON THE POET.

Went with Mr H. of Sydney, to his rooms, and saw for the first time, what I have long wished to see, some of Gilpin's original sketches in Indian ink;—very masterly, and asserting a claim to the highest species of merit, by producing great effects with little effort.—H. speaks *con amore* of Gilpin, as a friend, a companion, a pastor, and in every social relation, afflicted with an incurable complaint, but perfectly resigned to his fate; and complacent and even cheerful under it. It is delightful to find our admiration of the writer confirmed, on a nearer view, by qualities which must secure our esteem for the man. H. showed me a copy of a letter from Mason to Gilpin (with Gilpin's comments) written on the same day that Mason was struck speechless, and within two days of his death; very easy, gay, and spirited:—he had no presentiment of his danger.—*Diary of a Lover of Literature.*

TRUE WOMANHOOD.

The graces which characterise a really feminine woman never decay, they only change places by degrees, as they advance in life. This beauty of form which enchants us; these lines so delicate; these tints so soft and lovely; in a word, all the female graces are transposed from the body to the mind. When young, it is by the eyes—when elderly, by the ears that they captivate us,—and we only cease to look at them with pleasure to listen to them with interest, with respect.—*Preface to 'Sigismund Augustus.'*—[There is a great deal of truth in this, and it is delicately said. But women who have been truly lovely, that is to say, amiable as well as handsome, never quite lose their loveliness, even in appearance. There is a look in the eye—a grace and sweetness about the mouth,—retained of necessity by the graces of the mind.]

CONSOLING POSSIBILITY.

When I see an afflicted and unhappy man, I say to myself,—There is, perhaps, a man whom the world would envy if they knew the value of his sorrows, which are possibly intended only to soften his heart, and to turn his affections towards their proper centre.—*Cowper. Letter 88.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to the question of W. S., we have to say, that we respect the talent of his friend, Mr M., but fear the Readers would think we gave them too many verses on the same subject. The other lines he speaks of, are to be found in one of the volumes of the 'Examiner;' but we cannot say which, nor, at present, refer to the series to find out. An answer in our next to the remaining points in our friend's letter.

All errors which our Readers are good enough to notice in our SUPPLEMENTS, will be carefully corrected at the close of the subject at present handled in them.

The flowery and four times welcome communication from Croydon, will find, in the course of a week or two, that we are duly sensible of its kindness.

We have written to Mr J. D. of Wellington, Somerset, according to the direction sent us; but his agent has left the place. It will be sufficient to mention here perhaps, that the answer respecting his manuscript was what he did us the honour of wishing it to be.

We are compelled to postpone several other notices till next week.

LONDON: Published by H. HOOPER, Pall Mall East, and supplied to Country Agents by C. KNIGHT, Ludgate-street.

From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNOLDS, Little Pultney-street.